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FALL FESTIVAL

Star-Spangled Banner Pageant

Madison, Wis., Oct. 14, 1914



Celebrating the Hundredth Anniversary
of the Writing of the National
Song by Francis Scott Key

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER PAGEANT

Staged in the Capitol Park at Madison, Wisconsin,
in Celebration of the One-Hundredth Anniver-
sary of the Writing of this National Song
by Francis Scott Key

MRS. MILO KITTELESON, *General Chairman*

MISS ETHEL T. ROCKWELL, *Author*

OCTOBER 14, 1914

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Music.....	{ P. W. DYKEMA MILFORD WITTS C. A. MANN
Dancing.....	{ PROF. F. W. KEHL MISS SHIRLEY FREDERICKSON MISS ALTHEA BROWN
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Gen. Winder.....	A. W. HOAG
Gen. Stansbury.....	C. M. BROWN
Maj. Pinckney.....	J. W. BOLLENBECK
Maj. Brown.....	CAPT. WM. SMITH
Soloist.....	EUGENE JUSTER
Capitol.....	MISS ALICE KEITH
Peace.....	MISS CORNELIA COOPER
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Pres. Madison.....	VOYTA WRABITZ
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PREFACE

Short History of the American Flag

From the earliest date of recorded history some sort of symbol and color seems to have been common and to have exercised a powerful influence upon man. At first the symbols consisted of sacred animals, emblems or figures which were raised on a staff. The office of bearing these standards was considered one of peculiar privilege and honor as is that of color-bearer today. By degrees flags of silk or other materials crept in as more conspicuous and convenient marks, and today are used by every country.

The various settlements in the thirteen colonies were established under three different flags; the English, the Dutch, and the Swedish. During colonial days the common flag appears to have been that of England, though with many variations. Wars and political movements in the motherland made alterations in the flag and there were many more alterations in the colonies. In the early days of the war for independence several different flags were carried, some of the best known being the flag first raised in Boston by the Sons of Liberty, in 1770, which consisted of a blue field with a white crescent and the word "Liberty" upon it; the pine tree flag, showing a white field and bearing a pine tree and the inscription "An Appeal to Heaven;" another pine tree flag with a snake coiled at the base of the tree and an additional inscription, "Don't tread on me,"; and several other variations of the "Don't tread on me flag." The Bunker Hill flag is supposed to have had a blue ground, with one corner quartered by the red cross of St. George in one section of which was a pine tree. By degrees, however, these different varieties of flags were shaping themselves into a union, the idea of which was to commemorate the

Union of the Colonies which began definitely with the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief by the Continental Congress.

In September, 1775, Congress appointed Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Harrison and Thomas Lynch, as a committee to go to Cambridge to confer with General Washington upon several urgent matters pertaining to the army under his command. During this conference Colonel Joseph Reed, secretary to the conference committee suggested to them the adoption of the Union flag for the army. His suggestion was approved and the first Grand Union striped flag was raised on Prospect Hill, Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1776. This flag consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, representing the United Colonies, and the subjoined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew (the "king's colors") in a blue canton.

The first American flag known to have the thirteen stripes was the standard presented by Capt. Abram Markoe to the Philadelphia troop of light horse in the summer of 1775; this banner was borne by this troop when it escorted Washington from Philadelphia to New York, while he was en route to take command of the army at Cambridge. Possibly the sight of this standard may have led to the adoption of the stripes on the flag that was raised on Prospect Hill. The display of "The Grand Union Flag" before Washington's army marked an era in the affairs of the colonies, as it was the first to be raised that symbolized the union of the thirteen sections.

The first ensign ever shown by a regular American man-of-war, was hoisted in the Delaware on board the Alfred by the hands of John Paul Jones, some time about the last of December, 1775. This flag-raising, it is said, was attended by a party of distinguished men, including John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress. The flag was probably of yellow silk, and bore upon it a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles and the motto, "Don't Tread on Me." Some accounts fix the date of the hoisting of this flag the same as the raising of the Union flag in the lines of the army at Cambridge.

Notwithstanding the adoption of the Grand Union Flag,

standards of various devices continued in use at sea and on land. The militia of different sections adopted standards of original designs and mottoes, and some of them continued in use until the close of the Revolution. Among the most famous of these original standards are the "Pulaski Banner," the flag of the First Regiment of the Continental Army, which represented a hunter defending a pass from a tiger upon a green mound, and bearing the inscription, "Domarino" (I refuse to be subjugated); and the Eutaw Flag, a crimson piece of damask.

The idea of the adoption of stars as a device for a national standard may have originated in Boston, as the earliest known suggestion of a star for an American ensign appeared in the *Massachusetts Spy* of March 10, 1774, more than three years prior to the establishment of the Stars and Stripes.

The stars are the only distinctively American feature in the American flag. When they were substituted for the subjoined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the canton of the continental flag the evolution of our national emblem was completed.

On June 14, 1777, nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence, Congress adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The design of the new flag was not officially promulgated by Congress until September 3, 1777, but according to Admiral Preble, an improvised Stars and Stripes was first raised over Fort Stanwix, New York, August 3, 1777.

To Mrs. Betsey Ross is given the credit of making the first flag combining the stars and stripes. Congress appointed General Washington, Colonel George Ross, an uncle to John Ross, the husband of Betsey Ross, and Robert Morris, a committee to design a suitable flag for the nation, and they called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make the original national flag as well as subsequent flags for the government.

She was thus employed until her death in 1836, when her daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Wilson succeeded to the business. The house in which Betsy Ross made the first flag of the United States of America is situated at No. 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, and today is owned by the Federal government as a historic shrine. It was Mrs Ross' suggestion that the stars be five pointed rather than six pointed, as were shown in General Washington's rough design which he submitted to her for guidance in making the first flag. She arranged the stars in a circle to symbolize the perpetuity of the union of the states.

The flag with thirteen stars and thirteen stripes continued to be the national emblem until May 1, 1795.

After the admission of Vermont in 1791, and Kentucky in 1792, there arose the advisability of adding two new stars and stripes to the national emblem. The proposed alteration met with a great deal of opposition, but finally on the 13th of January, 1794, the following act was passed:

"Be it enacted, that from and after the first day of May, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field."

This flag was our national standard for twenty-three years or until July 4, 1818. This was the flag of Ft. McHenry, the original Star Spangled Banner, which was about thirty feet wide and forty feet long. The blue field of these flags rested on a red stripe, the eighth from the top, rather than on a white stripe as in the thirteen-stripe flag.

Although Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana and Indiana had all been admitted into the union by 1816, no provision was made to have them represented upon the national flag. Finally, December 9, 1816, the Honorable Peter H. Wendover, a member of Congress from New York city, introduced a resolution into the House of Representatives to alter the flag so that it would conform to the changes in the number of states. Because of what was considered imminently more pressing business, the bill was not passed until April 4, 1818.

The law reads as follows:

“An Act to Establish the Flag of the United States.

“SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

“SECTION 2. Be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission.”

To Mr. Wendover we are indebted for our present flag. Beginning in 1818 with twenty stars, Mississippi had been admitted in the meantime, the Union has increased to forty-eight stars arranged in six parallel lines of eight stars each.

When the stars and stripes was first carried into foreign ports it became the object of much conjecture and curiosity. Today it is recognized throughout the world as the emblem of liberty and progress, the symbol of an intelligent and peace-loving people of a mighty nation, the sign of freedom and rest to the oppressed of every nation that comes to seek protection beneath its folds.

“Our starry flag, long may it wave
Over each heart that is true and is brave;
May each bright stripe, each glorious star,
Speak of our Union at home and afar.
May God protect our fair flag and our land,
Let North and South be an unbroken band,
While through the sky loud rings the cry:
‘Union and Liberty, one evermore!’ ”

A Pageant of the Star-Spangled Banner

EPISODE I.

THE CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON AT THE BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG

SCENE 1.

American soldiers pass across the stage. Officers pause in foreground and discuss plans for meeting the British.

Gen. Winder. I think we need have no fear; the British never will try to take Washington.

Gen. Stansbury. I'm not so sure of that. I fear we have been altogether too credulous, and the government has greatly failed in providing adequate protection for our fair capital.

Maj. Pinckney. Sirs, never should we have allowed the British to pass beyond Nottingham. I tell you the British are coming this way, and fight them we must this very day, or Washington will lie at their mercy ere night fall. Yonder a mile away lies Bladensburg. Let us form our men there to meet our enemy.

Gen. Winder. Perhaps it will be just as well to put the men in position, but I think the British are only trying to frighten us.

Commodore Barney. Think you I would have destroyed all my fair gunboats, had I not known it was either that or turn them over to be turned against us? Here are my sailor lads ready to fight with the land forces. I say, let us form on the other side of Bladensburg's orchards which will afford some protection.

(Officers start toward their various companies. As they begin to move off the stage some of the men sing to the tune of John Anderson, My Jo.)

O, Johnny Bull, my Joe, John,
Your Peacocks keep at home,
And ne'er let British seamen
On a Frolic hither, come,
For we've Hornets and we've Wasps,
John, who, as you doubtless know,
Carry stingers in their tails,
O, Johnny Bull, my Joe, John.

(When this song is finished another group sings) :

Come, ye lads, who wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms and form in line
That leads to martial glory.
Beat the drum, the trumpet sound
Manly and united,
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.

Columbia, when her eagle's roused,
And her flag is rearing
Will always find her sons disposed
To drub the foe that's daring.
Beat the drum, etc.

Hearts of oak, protect the coast,
Pour your naval thunder,
While on shore a mighty host
Shall strike the world with wonder.
Beat the drum, etc.

Honor for the brave to share
Is the noblest booty;
Guard your rights, protect the fair,
For that's a soldier's duty.
Beat the drum, etc.

(While this song is being sung the lines are being formed for marching and the last soldiers disappear during the last chorus. Scarcely have they disappeared when rapid firing and the shouts of the officers are heard. The battle is on.)

SCENE 2.

(American soldiers retreating across the stage in great confusion. Officers riding about in great excitement.)

Maj. Pinkney. Men, men! Why this rout! Turn back! Turn back! Every man in line!

Gen. Winder. No! Let us on to Washington. There we can meet Armstrong. It is useless to meet the enemy again. They far outnumber us. Let us hurry! On to Washington! (Army rushes on in confusion. Barney's sailor coming in last.)

Barney. Oh, for more ammunition! We held them at bay until we had nothing more to fight with. Oh, Washington, Washington, fair city, I see thy fate.

SCENE 3.

(Enter British in pursuit of the disappearing Americans. They are in very hilarious spirits, singing to the tune of *The British Grenadiers*.)

Come, come fill up your glasses,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear their looped clothes.
Be sure that you give glory
To George, our gracious king.
“Sing tow, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.”

And when the wars are over,
We'll march to beat of drum,
The ladies cry, “So, Ho girls,
The Grenadiers have come!
The Grenadiers who always
With love our hearts do cheer.
“Sing tow, row, row, row, row,
For the British Grenadiers.”

1st Soldier (laughing.) Oh! how the Yankees ran. They'll never stop until they reach the other side of the Potomac.

2nd Soldier. Just like a Yankee when you meet him in the open.

3rd Soldier. Wait till we get to Washington, lads! Oh, won't I take home some gold "to deck my Nancy Gay."

4th Soldier. Ho! yes! Let us on to Washington, and there we'll flout 'em and rout 'em and I dine from the President's chair tonight.

5th Soldier. And I, I, speak for the hand of the Fair Dolly in a little quadrille tonight.

6th Soldier. And the dancing flames of a city burning will light up your festal joy.

7th Soldier. Ho! Ho! It's on to Washington lads,

For there's plunder and there's gold,
As you've often been told
All the food we can hold,
Let's get it ere it's cold.

(British officers conferring in another part of the ground.
Major Brown riding up.)

Gen. Ross. You're wounded, Brown?

Brown. Only a scratch, General. But where is your horse?

Ross. On the field, yonder. I just escaped going under when it fell.

Gen. Cockburn. Now, this is my plan, Ross. Let us go on to Washington at once. We need have no fear that the Yankees will rally. They'll never stop running. Our men are aching to sack the city, and at last we have the chance to strike America a killing blow. She has barely finished building her capital city, and it is the pride of the nation. Let us destroy it to the last government building.

Gen. Ross. Whatever is done must be done today. I know the Yankees well enough to feel sure they will not see their capital desecrated without rallying to its defense. We owe it to our men to let them pillage and carry away what they can. Otherwise I'm not willing to destroy more.

Cockburn. Destroy them utterly, I say. And especially their precious documents that breathe contempt and hatred of our own great country. We'll destroy them all and break up every printing press. Men, be sure you get all of the C's! No more will Washington papers issue insolent remarks about ME, the great Cockburn of His Majesty's service. (Soldiers cheer).

Cockburn. Let us start for that seat of Yankee Liberty at once. Form in line men. (Soldiers cheer, and as they form they sing "The Chesapeake and Shannon.") All of the time the men are moving into line and keeping in step to the music as they gradually disappear).

"The Chesapeake so bold
Out of Boston, I've been told,
Came to take a British Frigate
 Neat and handy O!

While the people of the port,
Flocked out to see the sport,
With their music playing

 Yankee Doodle Dandy O!

Now the British Frigate's name
Which for the purpose came
Of cooling Yankee courage

 Neat and handy O!

Was the Shannon, Captain Broke,
Whose crew were heart of oak
And for the fighting were confessed
 To be the dandy O!

The engagement scarce begun
Ere they flinched from their guns,
Which at first they thought of working
 Neat and handy O!

Then bold Broke he waved his sword,
Crying, "Now, my lads, we'll board
And we'll stop their playing
 Yankee Doodle Dandy O!"

They no sooner heard the word
Than they quickly rushed aboard
And hauled down the Yankee ensign
 Neat and handy O!
Notwithstanding all their brag,
Now the glorious British flag
At the Yankee's mizzen-peak
 Was quite the dandy O!

Here's a health "Brave Broke" to you,
And your officers and crew,
Who on board the Shannon frigate
 Fought so handy O!
And may it ever prove
That in fighting as in love
 The true British tar is the dandy O!

INTERLUDE

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CAPITOL

From center enters a fair symbolical figure representing the Capitol. She sounds a golden trumpet and from the opposite direction with graceful swaying step and the waving aloft of green branches appear smaller symbolical figures representing Liberty, Peace, Justice, Law and Progress with her spirits History, Art, Music, Literature, Science, Invention and Commerce. When they reach the Capitol they all bow low before her, then as they become erect they wave their branches high over their heads and cry:

“All hail! all hail! to thee, oh, fair, young mother!”

(Again they bow low.)

Capitol. Today, I have called you, my helpers true,
To learn what are your plans to serve mankind
In this your own brave land, America.

Liberty. Oh, fair young mother, now in thee I see
The dream of our dear country's Father live,
For me he fought and gave his glorious life.
Beyond the blue Potomac now he sleeps
And thou, his vision bright, art all that's left.
To thee for help and guidance all do turn
For thou shalt be eternal, oh thou dream
Of Washington, preserver of our land.
And I, thine eldest daughter, Liberty,
Close by thy side will ever stand and guard
Most sacredly that priceless right of man.
From ignorance and darkness will I free
The world and strike the shackles from its hands.

Peace. Oh, tender mother, shelter me beneath
Thine all protecting wing, for I must bleed

- While thine own children fight for freedom's rights.
For their own homes—but all my labor's naught;
Brave men and women long and pray for me
Yet dare not lay down arms until the foe
Is harried from the land. Oh, for how long,
How long, my country, oh, how long—how long.
Capitol. Peace, thou hast ever been my dearest child,
For without thee naught else can ever be.
I'll cherish thee and heaven grant that soon
In triumph thou mayst reign eternally.
Justice. Justice, I'll strive to bring to all the world,—
Before my courts the poor shall come and find
With the most lofty man, equality;
Blind have I ever been in the old world,
But now you see my eyes are open wide
And truth and right in my sight reigns supreme.
Law. Here close by Justice will I stand to help
By righteous laws, the balance of the scales.
Progress. These, mother, have I gathered in my train
To aid me in my work for mankind's good.
Their clear and virgin vision reaches far,—
Far to the day when our Republic great
Shall lead the world in History, and Arts,
In Music, Commerce and Literature
While wonders Science and Invention work.
See, how they bow before thee, mother fair.
Spirits of Progress (bowing before the Capitol.)
All hail! all hail! thy helpers true, are we.
Peace. Oh, mother, mother, see what demons come!
With terror quakes my heart!
Save me! Guard me!
. *All.* Oh, Mother Capitol thy children guard!

(All close in about her as if seeking protection from her spreading wings. Around them in a mad dance circle a large number of boys representing fire demons. Slowly the Capitol and her spirits sink lower and lower until they seem to dis-

appear, while the demons go on with their dance until they disappear on the other side of the pageant grounds.)

(Pres. Madison rushes in on the farther side as the fire demons attack the Capitol and stands before the tomb of Washington.)

Madison. Oh, Washington, fair city, must thou fall
And I not there to lift a hand to save?
Oh, Washington, thy son has failed thy trust!

(Kneels before the tomb with head bowed as if to shut out the sight of the burning city.)

Spirit of Washington (standing all in white silhouette against the gray background of the tomb.) Didst call my name?

Madison. Oh, see! thy city, there
Is lying low I've broken faith with thee.

Spirit of Washington.

Know'st not my capital immortal is?
Like fabled Phœnix, she shall rise again.
Yet much must she still suffer e'er she reach
Her fullest fame and highest majesty.
Throughout her halls disunion false shall stalk
And slavery's black stamp shall strike her low;
Over her streets echoes of tramping feet
Of men shall sound while martial music plays;
And then will come the wail of funeral dirge
As she black mantled bows in grief and weeps
For her lost sons and the broken heart of Peace.
But there shall come a day when flags are furled,
And all war's shadows gone before the dawn;
Then shall she rise the fairest queen of light
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
The Delphi of the new world shall become.

(As the Spirit of Washington speaks the Capital and her companions shall slowly rise, the Capital seeming to grow taller and taller as the last four lines are recited, and slowly they will fall back and vanish from view, while Madison and Washington will also silently withdraw.)

EPISODE II.

DR. BEANES' LAWN PARTY AT UPPER MARLBOROUGH

SCENE: Dr. Beanes, a prominent physician of Upper Marlborough, receives his guests on his own lawn.

Dr. Beanes. Ah! It's good of you, Dr. Hill, to come to my little party.

Dr. Hill. Great is my pleasure to be here. How are the British soldiers that you were called upon to attend?

Dr. Beanes. Some of those that were wounded in the skirmish at Benedict have very severe injuries. I hope I will be able to pull them through, however. (Turning to greet Mr. and Mrs. Philip Weems.) How are you Phil? Mrs. Weems, to grace my lawn with your beauty, were excuse enough for giving a party.

Mrs. Weems. The flatterer still; will you never grow old?

Dr. Beanes. Must old men, then, lose all appreciation of beauty?

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Spriggs.)

Mrs. Beanes. Oh, Mrs. Spriggs I've just been enjoying the way your Betty dances. She has wonderful grace.

Mr. Spriggs. That's because she has such a graceful mother. (bowing low to his wife who strikes him with her fan.)

(Enter Mr. Richard West and Gen. Philip Stuart.)

Dr. Beanes. I'm glad you've come, Dick, my old friend.

Mr. West. I've brought a friend, Gen. Philip Stuart, of Revolutionary fame who is fighting still in Congress.

Dr. Beanes. Ah, what is the news, general? Will Congress take drastic measures soon to protect our coast?

Gen. Stuart. An apathy seems to have fallen upon most of the members. They somehow seem to feel a security that the situation does not warrant, and I feel we will dearly pay for it.

Mr. Weems. Yes, sir, I fear it too. The British fleet is in

Patuxent river now, and we can rest assured that a blow is going to fall somewhere on our coast.

Mr. Spriggs. I heard the other day that several regiments of the men that served under Wellington have joined the forces in the Chesapeake.

Mr. West. Yes, and now that Napoleon has been put down, Great Britain will concentrate all her forces here.

Gen. Stuart. Yesterday, I heard firing off toward Washington. I have the gravest fears for our capital's safety. Even now the British may be there.

(Ten British stragglers break in upon the party. They seize the arms of the girls and try to lead them on through the dance. The girls scream in terror and the men rush to their aid, but the British soldiers release their hold and start for the tables, where they pounce upon the refreshments and overturn dishes and chairs. The women flee.)

Dr. Beanes. Will you vile ruffians leave my grounds at once?

Bri. Soldier. Oh, ho! and who are you, old hunch-backed gray beard?

Beanes. Leave at once, or I'll have you arrested.

(Enter Mr. West with town officers. The British soldiers are seized and dragged off from the lawn, the guests assisting. The largest prisoner is seen to wrest himself from his captors and make his escape. Dr. Beanes also goes off the stage).

EPISODE III.

THE ARREST OF DR. BEANES

SCENE 1. A party of British cavalry led by the escaped soldier appears with the released British soldiers, and Dr. Beanes tied to the back of a bare-backed mule. He is scantily dressed, and is continually struck and jeered by the British. The released soldiers act as though they are suffering from harsh treatment.)

First Soldier. .I was just telling the Captain about the way they hung you up by your hands to that tree there, Davis.

Davis. By the hands, do you say? No, by my thumbs. They've been pulled out of their joints and are all swollen.

Another Soldier. And my back is all blisters.

Soldier (striking Beanes.) There, take that, gray beard, and see if you can learn how to treat His Majesty's soldiers as served under the great Wellington. Oh, we'll teach you Yankees the respect that's coming a British Grenadier. You didn't know we took and sacked Washington yesterday, did you?

Captain. I'm thinking I'd like that house of yours for my winter headquarters, old Beanes.

First Soldier. That's right, Captain, and I'll take one of those pretty girls I saw tripping it so lightly this afternoon, Ho! Ho!

(As they talk they move off the stage and disappear.)

EPISODE IV.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY'S MISSION TO THE BRITISH FLEET TO
OBTAIN THE RELEASE OF BEANES

Scene. British sailors on one part of the deck are giving a horn pipe.

One sailor sings "Jack at Greenwich" while his mates dance.

1. We tars are all for fun and glee,—
A hornpipe was my notion;
Time was I'd dance with any he,
That sails the salt sea ocean.
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forward, in the middle,
And roast the pig and toe the heel,
All going with the fiddle.
But one day told a shot to ram,
To chase the foe advancing,
A splinter queered my larboard gam
And damme! spoiled my dancing
My dancing, my dancing! my dancing!
 my dancing!
A splinter queered my larboard gam,
And damme! spoiled my dancing.

2. "Well, I'm" says I, "no churlish elf,
We messmates be all brothers;
Tho' I can't have no fun my-self,
I may make fun for others.
A fiddle soon I made my own,
That girls and tars might caper,
Learned "Rule Britannia," "Bobbing Joan,"
And growed a decent scraper.
But just as I'd the knockout got,
And did it pretty middling,

I lost my elbow by a shot,
And damme! spoiled my fiddling.
My fiddling, my fiddling, my
fiddling.

I lost my elbow by a shot,
And damme! spoiled my fiddling.

(On another part of the deck during this dance is seen Dr. Beanes in the same attire in which he was seized and with his wrists in heavy irons. Around him are sailors jeering and taunting him. In a separate group are the officers Admiral Cochrane, Admiral Cockburn, and Gen. Ross. When the dance ends Francis Scott Key and Col. John S. Skinner, with a flag of truce, clamber over the sides of the ship and are greeted courteously by the British officers.)

Key. Col. Skinner and myself are come from the seat of our government to inquire into the arrest of Dr. Beanes of Upper Marlborough and to request his release.

Cochrane. Gentlemen, you may rest assured that his arrest was not made without good reasons and because of these reasons he must undergo the punishment his crimes deserve.

Key. And will you kindly state those reasons?

Cockburn. They are these, sirs. Neither our great country nor His Gracious Majesty ever allows an insult nor an injury to one of Britain's soldiers to go unpunished.

Skinner. And what insult or injury has been given?

Cockburn. What has been given? Do you not call the tortures inflicted on our soldiers who happened to be passing through Marlborough injuries and insults?

Skinner. And if none were inflicted?

Ross. None were inflicted? Haven't we the soldiers' own testimony?

Skinner. Yes, and that of no other.

Ross. It is enough, and he must pay the penalty. Tomorrow morning at sunrise he will swing from the yard-arm there. You'll have the pleasure of seeing the kind of revenge England demands.

(Soldiers still taunting Beanes in another part of the ship.)

Soldiers. Ho, ho! you hear that old Boston pork and beans?

Key. Is that justice to condemn a man without giving him a fair hearing?

Cochrane. The offence is evident.

Key. Perhaps I could show you another side would you but choose to see it. Col. Skinner here has letters from those who were present at Dr. Beanes' when your soldiers were placed on arrest.

Skinner. Here are the letters. They show you the other side but as they are all from Americans, you will probably think them as prejudiced as we think the testimony of your men. (Cochrane looks over the letters.)

Key. But I have other letters here which are not from Americans but from some of your own men whom you left wounded near Marlborough. Surely you will believe their testimonials.

Cochrane. They are false. (Takes them and examines them).

Key. No, you can see for yourself the signatures and the seals. Will you note in this one the high feeling and regard your young lieutenant feels for this Dr. Beanes, and here are the words of Col. Brown of your 44th regiment "Never have I known a kinder nor a more sympathetic man even in my own land. Dr. Beanes took me into his home and cured the wounds from which I would have died had lesser skill dealt with them."

Cochrane. It is possible, Ross, we have made a mistake.

Ross. You have the story from the men who were so mistreated.

Key. Also you have a totally different character described to you by your own men and by men of higher rank. If you will glance over that list of names appended to Col. Brown's letter you will find that Dr. Beanes personally cared for twenty-five British soldiers and that, too, when all of his time was needed in caring for his own wounded countrymen, and all of this he did without any hope of reward, even knowing that perhaps the next day some of your marauding bands would come and destroy his

home. But, unselfishly, he gave his time, his skill and even his home and money that he might comfort and heal the unfortunate soldiers of an enemy. And this is his reward! There he stands shackled, a man who never harmed a fellowman,—his very gentleness and meekness being reviled by your soldiers. Cannot you see that the preposterous acts your few drunken soldiers attributed to Dr. Beanes would be inconceivable to a man who could treat the enemy's wounded as he has done?

Cochrane. From these letters I'm sure a mistake has been made; I will release Dr. Beanes at once and ask you and him to dine with me today.

Key. I thank you, sir.

Cochrane. I am sorry however to inform you that it will be necessary for us to detain you here a few days until the completion of one of our plans. I assure you that everything will be done for yours and Col. Skinner's comfort. Your quarters will be on board the ship "Surprise" commanded by my son, Sir Thos. Cochrane. My own ship is too over-crowded to accomodate you. You will have to remain with us, at the most, but a very few days. Boat-swain, give the order for dinner.

Boatswain. (blowing a whistle upon hearing which the sailors who have been dancing and working in another part of the deck come forward.)

See that the table's set and dinner served.

(The officers, Key and Skinner walk to another part of the deck and draw Beanes aside while the sailors who are preparing the table sing the following chanty as they work.)

Let the Bullgine Run.

Chanty 1. Oh, the smartest vessel you can find,
Chorus Ah ho, way-o, are you most done,
Chanty Is the Marg'ret Evans of the Blue Cross line,
Chorus So clear the track, let the bullgine run.
Tibby hey, rig-a-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah ho, way-o, are you most done,
With Eliza Lee all on my knee,
So clear the track, let the bullgine run.
Chanty 2. Oh, the Marg'ret Evans of the Blue Cross line,

Chorus Ah, ho, wayo, are you most done,
Chanty She's never a day behind her time,
Chorus So clear the track, let the bullgine run.
Tibby hey, rig-a-jig, etc.,
The Chanty 3. Oh, shake her, wake her before we're gone,
Chorus Ah ho, wayo, are you most done,
The Chanty Oh fetch that girl with the blue dress on,
Chorus So clear the track, let the bullgine run.
Tibby hey, rig-a-jig, etc.

EPISODE V.

GENERAL ARMISTEAD'S PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEFENSE OF BALTIMORE

Armistead. I feel certain that the British will next attack Baltimore. Our best means of defense lies in strengthening Forts Mc Henry and Covington. If we can keep the enemy from passing these forts, Baltimore is safe for their land forces cannot harm the city without the aid of the fleet.

Nickolson. Prevent them from passing the forts, we must. The disaster of Bladensburg and the destruction of Washington must be retrieved.

Webster. I have learnt that the British have left the Patuxent River and I have no doubt we will soon see them in the Patapsco.

Armistead. If we do not succeed in driving the fleet back, our country's cause will be lost, for should they take Baltimore you would see a large British army marching up the Hudson to meet another from Canada. Fellow officers, we must never let them pass the forts. I'd rather die and lose my last man than see Baltimore fall.

Others. And I, and I.

(A messenger, named Bird rushes in and delivers papers to Armistead.)

Bird. I bring you a message from the War Department. The British enemy are entering the mouth of the Patapsco now with a large fleet! Gen. Ross with thousands of men is landing on the coast! The decks are crowded with men in bright armor which make a splendid but fearful sight! They far out-number us,—it is better to surrender ere the fight begins and thus spare the lives of the soldiers. Thus runs the message I was ordered to bring to you in all haste.

Armistead. You hear that, comrades? Shall we weakly submit and lay down our arms?

Smith. (a veteran of the revolution) No, a thousand times, no! Let them advance in all their haughty English pride, they'll find their safety but on the ocean's tide.

Stricker. I fought against the Briton foe when our independence was won; now I am old but in my veins the blood mounts high and my pulse throbs to be again of service to my country. I have not long to live; let me unsheathe my sword and meet them once more ere I die and should I fall, glorious would be my dying.

Smith. Brother in arms, thy sparkling eye looks young, We must prove the valor of our years and remove the stain produced by Hull when he so weakly surrendered Detroit. People say that he who in youth bore himself so bravely failed there because his heart was old. To us it now belongs to show the world that to an old veteran there is no music like the cannon's roar.

Newcomb. There can be no turning back.

Webster. Only show us our places and we'll defend them to the last.

Armistead. Brothers, I thank you. You knew my heart; this is the hour to test the soul. If we fail I shall be court martialled but, God-willing, we shall not fail. Ah, think how honorable to die in the defense of our altars and our homes. May heaven bless your arms. Ah, look! here, comes the flag I ordered for Ft. McHenry.

(Enter Mrs. Pinkersgill and her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Purdy, accompanied by some girls bearing a flag—the original Star-Spangled Banner.)

Mrs. Pinkersgill. Here, Gen. Armistead, is the flag you ordered for the fort that is to defend our homes. Four long days and nights until two o'clock have I and my daughter sewed upon it, but the labor has been joy for we were given the privilege to do something for our country.

Mrs. Purdy. The flag is so large my mother could find no room large enough to spread it fully out except the malt house of Claggitt's Brewery. There she knelt as she placed its fifteen stars. You'll have to admit that at least for once a brewery has been turned to good purpose.

Mrs. Pinkersgill. Spread out the flag, my helpers, and let the soldiers view it. (As the girls form in position with the flag spread out among them the soldiers press around.)

Armistead. Defenders of the soil, behold the flag of Ft. McHenry! To us it is given to protect with our lives. The British come to ravish our city and with their vandal torch consume it as they did Washington. Your wives, your mothers, your sisters, your sweethearts tremblingly await to see what souls you are.

(The soldiers cheer and sing).

Soldiers. In Freedom we're born, and like
Sons of the brave
Will never surrender,
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive, if unable to save.

Armistead. Men, I feel that God will be with us all when we go into this battle. Come we'll go and place this flag now over the fort and get ready for action. Fall in line.

(The band begins to play "Hail Columbia" and the soldiers sing as they fall in line and march off.)

1. Hail Columbia, happy land!
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause.
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus

Firm united let us be
Rallying round our liberty
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

2. Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
In invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of soil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Chorus.

3. Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.

Chorus.

EPISODE VI.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT McHENRY

(In the background the boatswain's whistle is heard then the cry, "A-a-ll ha-a-a-n-ds, up anchor a-ho-o-y, Yo-he-e-a, Watch ho! watch! Lay her a-hold, a-hold."

Again the soldiers chant the first stanza of "Let the Bull-gine Run."

Chanty. Oh, the smartest vessel you can find,
Chorus. Ah ho, way-o, are you most done,
Chanty. Is the Marg'ret Evans of the Blue Cross line,
Chorus. So clear the track, let the bullgine run.
Tibby hey, rig-jig in a jaunting car,
Ah ho way-o, are you most done,
With Eliza Lee all on my knee,
So clear the track, let the bull-gine run.

(As this is sung the boatswain gives his orders. When the song ceases the band plays "The Girl I Left Behind Me", in the distance, while up from below unto the deck comes Francis Scott Key, Col. Skinner, and Dr. Beanes with a guard of British sailors and marines. They stand looking off into the background as if they were watching the British ships depart. Then they turn and gaze in the direction of Ft. McHenry.)

Key. Oh, what a splendid sight, yet to me it can be nothing but terrible, terrible! See, see, comrades, all the British ships,—how assuringly they breast the tide. They breathe the very spirit of their arrogant commanders.

Skinner. Did you hear Gen. Ross boast that he did not care if it rained militia he would dine in Baltimore tonight and make it his winter headquarters?

Beanes. Yes, and Cochrane promised him that he should be the knight of Baltimore.

Skinner. Truly? I wonder if they ever heard the old adage about counting your chickens?

Beanes. No, a Britisher could never apply that to himself.

Brit. sailor. You're right there, Beaner, he never has to. He always knows. (Sailors laugh boisterously.)

Key. (to his companions) Perhaps their over-assurance will make them not quite so careful in grasping every advantage. They all feel that the thing can be as easily done as was the taking of Washington. That, easy victory, though, may be the cause of their ruin. The Americans now realize just how much danger they are in.

Skinner. But look at the size of that fleet, and Ross landed 9000 men to attack Baltimore in the rear. The Americans can't possibly have more than half that number.

Key. And there lies little Ft. McHenry with the fate of the nation in her handful of guns. They are good and well set but they cannot fire more than two miles while the British guns can fire from a distance of two and a half miles. They will be able to keep out of the fort's range.

(Firing is heard in the distance toward Ft. McHenry. This firing continues at intervals throughout the scene. Occasionally red rockets flare up.)

Key. The battle's begun. Oh, Armistead, your hour has come to prove yourself in the same class with the immortal Lawrence and the great Commodore Perry. Oh, don't give up the fort! Fire, fire, oh, return their deadly shots!

Brit. Sailor. Oh, ho! They are going to surrender without firing a shot. Brave countrymen you've got!

Skinner. It would be useless for the Americans to fire. The ships are not in range.

Beanes. Armistead is wise. He would only waste his ammunition. He will fire if they give him opportunity.

Key. See, the enemy's ships are drawing nearer the fort. Oh, will it surrender. The ships are creeping closer, closer. Now they fire a whole broadside. But look, the fort answers them. Oh, Armistead, you are there. Steady, steady, pour the broadsides into them. See! The Bri-

tish fall back to their old position in haste. Oh, glorious, glorious, Armistead! Well done, well done!

Skinner. The British will never take the fort if they remain at that range for even though some of their balls fall within the walls they will do little damage. But they'll not approach so near again unless they do it under cover of the darkness tonight.

Key. It grows so dark now I cannot see anything distinctly.

Beanes. But the firing grows more terrible. I would that we could see. This is maddening.

Skinner. The fort is returning the fire. I am weary with this long and anxious watching I must have rest, I think I will go below and sleep.

Beanes. And so will I. I have lived in such torment all the days of my captivity that I am utterly worn out.

Key. I could not sleep. I will stay here and watch and pray.

(All go below leaving Key pacing the deck alone.)

Key. Twilight has now withdrawn his ling'ring ray
And night doth throw her sable cloak o'er all,
Yet is the dark made hideous and wild
By bombs fierce shrieks and rockets crimson
glare.

(He leans far out over the deck's railing then begins to pace the deck. Just then the bombardment becomes more terrible and the groans of the dying and the shouts of men are heard in the far distance.)

I hear the groans of dying men, but whose?
Come they from Ft. McHenry or the ships?
Oh, not to know! Oh, not to know! to know!
That is the terror, horror, of it all.
Now Pandemonium rules o'er the world;
The very Earth disgorges shot and shell;
The heav'ns glow a solid wall of flame,
The angry sea is lashed to foaming waves
Which toss my ship as though 'twere in a storm.
But whence come all those groaning cries of death?
Oh, not to know, that is the agony!

(He covers his face with his hands and stands motionless. Suddenly the firing ceases.)

Oh, hark! the firing's ceased,— the battle's o'er,—
But who, oh, who has won—whose flag still waves?
In yonder fort my countrymen know all;
Do their sad hearts lie bleeding as does mine,
Or are they filled with joy of victory?
Does our own flag still wave beneath the stars?
Oh, not to know! Oh not to know! to know!
Oh, stars, can you not send a message down
To heal my bleeding heart and throbbing brain?
Oh, Lord, thou God of Hosts! All knowing One,
Thou that hast made our nation free and great
Preserve us yet, be with us yet, O Lord.

(During last three lines Key has sunk down upon his knees. When he finishes the prayer he remains kneeling, his face in his hands.)

INTERLUDE II

THE DANCE OF THE SPIRITS OF THE MISTS AND OF THE DAWN

As Key kneels on the deck music begins to play softly and in front of him the spirits of the mists steal silently with a graceful undulating dance. Suddenly a flash of gold divides them, then a flash of rose, the spirits of the dawn have come. The flag is hoisted in the distance over Ft. McHenry and a living flag composed of hundreds of school-children appears at one side of the pageant ground between Key and Ft. McHenry. Key still leaning eagerly over the deck's edge sees it and in ecstasy reaches out to it. Then he seizes a pencil and an old letter from his pocket and writes rapidly. Soon he reads:

“Oh! say can you see by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last
gleaming!

Whose broad Stripes and bright Stars thro’ the peri-
lous fight

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
air!

Gave proof through the night that our Flag was still
there:

Oh! say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

(Instantly when he finishes reading the first stanza a great chorus takes it up and the triumphant notes swell out upon the air. When the first stanza is finished the rest are taken up to the end.)

2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
And the Star-Spangled Banner,
 Oh! long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
4. O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto:-“ In God is our trust;”
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

EPISODE VII.

“DOES THAT STAR-SPANGLED BANNER YET WAVE?”

As the last words of the song are sung the symbolical figures of Interlude I, Capitol, now typifying Columbia, Liberty, Peace, Justice, Law, and Progress with her spirits History, Art, Music, Literature, Science, Invention, and Commerce group themselves on a platform in the background while in front of them in the background are grouped the spirits of the mists and of the dawn.

Across the front of the pageant ground pass distinct groups of children representing all of the different nationalities in Madison. They are dressed, in the folk costume of their native countries. At the same time the different groups give a typical national folk dance at the conclusion of which they all stand with hands clasped, thus showing that in America the German, the English, the French, the Irish, the Italian, the Greek, the Jew, the Norwegian, the Swede, and all other nationalities represented, have become united into the American with all of the old-world prejudices forgotten. Together with the children of the living flag they sing Frederick Manly's “To America.”

1. Our souls are thine, dear Fatherland,
Our lives we dedicate to thee;
Beneath thy stars thy children stand
In northern field and orient land,
Enfolded in thy liberty,
In liberty! In liberty!
And each is emper'r of the hours,
And bringeth from them tares or flowers,
As he shall rule his destiny.

2. For Thee our eyes with blessing shine;
Our purest pray'rs are all for thee;

Republic mighty, freedom's shrine,
Our fathers' lives were wholly thine,
And we will give our lives for thee,
O dearest Fatherland, for thee.
And for thy love—awakened light
Wherewith thou'st lead us from the night
To the radiance of Liberty.

Columbia. To all the world have I stood beckoning,
And from the earth's four corners have you come
My children, here to find a freer land.
Nor came you empty-handed, all alone,
But bearing here the old world's garnered lore
Bringing a vision longing to be born;
My thinkers, workers, prophets, you've become.
Into my lap you have bestowed your all,
And back to you I give free air for hopes,—
Protection from oppression's deadly sting.
Here may you labor and fulfill your dreams
While I hold out my hands with prayer and
faith
For our fair land—tomorrows' light and hope.

(Enter a herald running.)

Herald. I come, Columbia, with message dread.
War's fearful demon lifts his gory head
And shakes blood drops o'er Europe's fertile
lands.
The earth is full of wrath and seas toss dark
As clashing nations arm themselves to fight
Their brother-men that lately clasped their
hands.
Forgotten all their pledges made to Peace.
Forgotten all their gentle arts of Peace,
Forgotten all their fields of waving grain,
Forgotten all man's rights to life and home,
While at the desolate hearth sits the one
Who suffers most, as weeping sore she gives
All that her heart holds dear as food for War.—
War, that blood-monster fell, with deadly arms,

That devasting strides and stalks the land
And leaves where'er his foot-falls chance to light
Dire desolation and a blood-drenched field.

Columbia. Most dreadful is the message you have brought.
It shudders through the land from East to West
As a low, rumbling roar of earth-quake shock.
My people rouse and start and look around,
But Wilson guides the helm with steady hand,
And e'en when sorrow strikes him to the heart
He writes his mediation messages
To lead the hostile nations back to Peace.
But War will not as yet be thus put down
And sorrowing America stands by
While cannon's roar echoes through-out the
world.

Now other flags are battle torn and stained,
But ours waves o'er a land of arts and trade
And happy working men and women while
The merry children all unconscious play.
What means my starry flag with its broad
stripes

To all the people in this wide free land?
Do hearts beat high when its folds catch the
breeze,
Or when 'tis carried through the passing
throng?

Go, herald, swift, show me my peoples' love
For their Star-Spangled Banner waving there
That I may know it has not all been vain—
The dream, the throes, the lives, the sacrifice
Of those who builded this, our mighty land.

(The herald hastens out and soon returns with a large American flag. He is followed by groups of men and women representing the various industries of Madison. After them the living flag advances into the foreground. Led by the herald and chorus all of the pageanters and audience join in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and as the song draws to a close they all form into a procession and march from the grounds.

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